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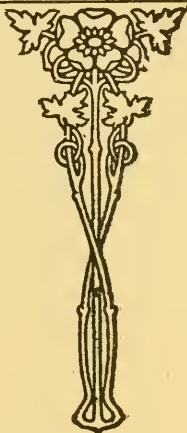
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Faithfully Yours
Peter Colman

THE VOICE OF IRELAND



BY
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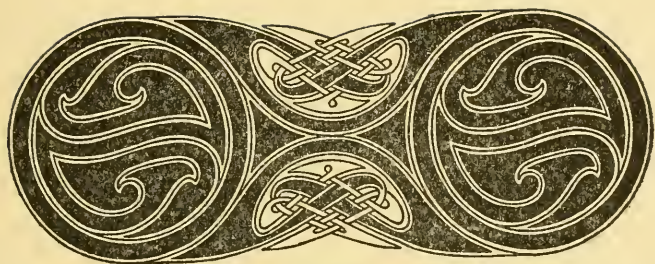


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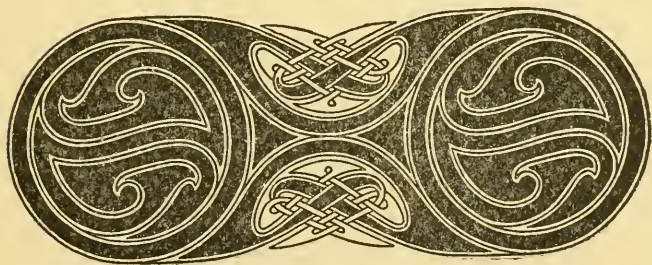
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W. L. L. L.
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THE
VOICE
OF
IRELAND
PETER GOLDEN



TO
ISOLDE

PREFACE



UNLESS we wish the Irish cause to die, unless we wish the last injunction of Emmet to be merely a memory instead of a beacon light and an inspiration, then must we each become a veritable crusader and propound the doctrine of Irish Nationhood in the face of all opposition and of all defeat. We must become inoculated with the germ of unrest and disquietude and dissatisfaction until the question is finally and forever settled. We must lift up our hearts and our hopes and face the world proudly and unafraid, not skulking with an apology in the corner and professing our willingness to accept even a dole, but rather proclaim forever and without cessation that there is here a living, burning, vital question that with us at least is paramount to all questions and that will not, can not, and shall not down. We must get to have a heart-beat on higher and holier and deeper things than the petty squabbles that but waste our energy and scatter our force nor ever bring us a due meed of reward. We must fan our dormant enthusiasm into a flame, must light and kindle anew the souls and minds and spirit of our people until we create a feeling that it will be impossible to overcome. We must keep constantly before our minds the memory of those who suffered for Ireland, of those who died for Ireland, and swear unswerving, unyielding, undying devotion to the cause for which they labored and at last laid down their lives. If not, what a farce is our patriotism, and a fallacy our profession of loyalty and faith. God will not have His work made manifest by cowards, and our independence will never be won by "weaklings, subtle and suave and mild, but by men with the hearts of Vikings and the simple faith of a child." And we must above all block England's policy, thwart her plans, and strike at her wherever, whenever and however we can. You say this is the doctrine of hate. Aye, faith, and so is it meant to be. That doctrine we must foster, that doctrine we must propagate, that doctrine we must make grow, because as Emer-

son finely says: "The doctrine of hatred must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines."

Ah, no, we want no part in the malodorous and bloodstained British Empire. We glory not in her pageantry, we participate not in her power, the glory and the splendor of her martial array can not and will not and shall not blind us to the blood and the tears and the sufferings she inflicted upon us and to the Gethsemane of sorrow she compelled us to undergo. We want to finish the fight, the glorious and holy fight carried on by our race for seven centuries and to drive her and every accursed and tainted thing she stands for out of the four shores of Ireland, and though it may still take years of blood and tears and suffering and sorrow to accomplish it, we shall not rest and we shall not falter until it is finally and forever done. Her flag flies in every port, her ships sail upon every sea, the roll of her drumbeat has been heard even by the most savage and remote of tribes, but she has never overcome the undying, unconquerable spirit of Ireland and by God she never, never, never shall.

We take our place with the dead. *Their* cause do we espouse, *their* principles do we promulgate. The flag that has fallen from their dear, dead hands shall not trail, and shall not droop, but shall be carried on in triumph without apology and without fear. And O if they who were ever faithful and went down to nameless and unnumbered graves for Caitlin Ni Houlihan and her holy and sacred cause, could but speak from their graves to-day when a baneful and pernicious and a soul-destroying policy of compromise and conciliation has led the people of the world to believe that the idea of an independent Irish Nation exists only in the minds of dreamers and of visionaries, they would tell you O men and women of Ireland to go out into the highways and the byways, and preach if needs be from the very housetops that the hope of building up again on the western shores of Europe an independent Irish Nation in everything that the words independent and Irish mean, namely, a nation speaking its own language, thinking its own thoughts, creating its own literature and being moulded intellectually by it, having its own

customs, its own manners, its own ways, its own ideas and its own ideals, a nation absolutely self-centered, self-sufficient and self-sustained, that the hope of building up such a nation as this is not merely a dream, is not merely a vision, but is a live, mighty, vital throbbing issue, for the accomplishment of which there are in and out of Ireland hundreds of thousands of men, aye, and women, who will face the cell, and the ship, and the scaffold itself as willingly as did those who fought at Aughrim and the Boyne and went down to death upon the unbroken ramparts of Limerick. They would tell you to proclaim in very trumpet tones that by the living God this land of ours, sanctified and made more than dear by all the blood poured out for its redemption shall *not* die, shall *not* perish, and shall *not* now at the eleventh hour barter her birthright for a mess of pottage and become a contented, Crown Colony of England, but that she shall still live, still strive, still suffer, aye, and if needs be, again go down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death rather than relinquish her inherent and her God-given right to be free. That right she never has relinquished and that right she never shall.

The fight is still on and let no man forget it; the old fight between the Sassenach and the Celt for the soul and for the soil and for the heart and for the mind of Ireland; that fight has been carried on for the last seven hundred and fifty years; it has never even once been abandoned and it never will be abandoned until the last Irishman in existence drops dead in his tracks.

Ah, no; we are not reconciled; by the memory of all our dead we are not reconciled. By the memory of Tone and Emmet and Sheares and Orr, and Mitchel and Meagher and Davis and Doheny and Allen, Larkin and O'Brien and Peter O'Neill Crowley, we are not reconciled, we are not appeased, we are not conquered, we have not crossed over the glutted and the unavenged graves of our dead to fall lovingly upon the neck of our oppressor, and like the great, the brave, the lion-hearted John Mitchel, if we, too, "could catch the flames of hell in our hands we would fling them in the face of the British Empire."

ENGLAND, WE PRAY FOR YOUR DEATH



FOOT with the Fate that has come to you—
The fate that we've waited for—
Alert and intent, we watch to-day
The outcome of the war.
From the uttermost sough of the Southern Sea
To the Northland's ice-bound breath,
Wherever we Irish are to-day,
England, we pray for your death.

Aye, England, we pray with the holiest prayer
That ever to Heaven went
To smite you and strike you and drag you down
Till your Empire apart is rent;
Till the people of all the earth rejoice
That your plundering power is gone
And the fetters are broken from Freedom's feet,
That you foully forged thereon.

By the centuried wrongs and the countless crimes,
By our babes' and our women's blood,
By all the myriads whom you slew,
Because they for Ireland stood,
By the bones of all our brave who fell,
Your assassin heel beneath,
Wherever we Irish are to-day,
England, we pray for your death.

INISFAIL



HE tell-tale finger tips of Time
Have failed, O Love, to leave a trace
On the calm beauty of thy face,
That still is stainless and sublime!

Blessed by thy knightly accolade
Thy sons, their bodies ever set
Against the bristling bayonet
Thy fair renown immortal made.

With Freedom's lightning luminous,
With purple pageantry aflame,
Chanting unto the night your name,
They thronged for things victorious.

Nor all the splendor that they spent,
Nor all their valor could avail
To crush thy foes, Loved Inisfail.
Yet art thou still a testament.

Of the high hope that led us on,
Down through the age-long, blood-red night,
When all our legions of the light
By savage foes were set upon.

With splendid loyalty impearled,
Thy sons again will soon essay
To hold thy embattled foes at bay
Across the highways of the world.

Aye forth from every hut and hall,
Full in the foeman's face to fling,

The gauntlet of their challenging
Leaping they'll come unto your call.

The Nations to their doom have gone,
And all their glory, all their sway,
Are as a thing of yesterday,
Thou still undaunted livest on.

The tell-tale finger tips of Time
Have failed, O Love, to leave a trace
On the calm beauty of thy face,
That still is stainless and sublime!

SEND US, O, GOD! THE REVOLUTION

“When Ireland gets Home Rule she will be the most lo part of the British Empire.”—*The Parliamentary Party.*



ERISH the thought, and perish those
Who such a feeling now would foster,
Our country will not sink so low
Whatever treasure it may cost her.
We did not unto England yield
When on her noon the sun was shining,
And oh! we shall not do so now
When all her glory is declining.

What to that Empire do we owe
That we to save it now should gather?
Go ask of all our countless dead
Why we should not *destroy* it rather.
God shield us from contributing
To the foul thing's continuation,
But may He send us soon instead
The crash of its annihilation.

“No compromise” must be our cry,
No sign of wavering must we show them,
Until we have paid back the debt,
The awful, awful debt we owe them.
The conflict must be carried on
Though into dust each sword were shivered,
Until our Race stands forth alone,
Redeemed, enfranchised and delivered.

Small difference it makes to us
Which British Party robs our nation,
We're fighting for a holier cause
We're fighting for our liberation.

There's just one way and only one
To free us from the whole pollution
And to regain our Nationhood
And that one way is Revolution.

You may decry it all you will
And any way you wish taboo it,
But if you'd with the strife be done
There is no other way to do it.
Humanity since Time began
Has had its every right resented,
Till its demands were made by *men*
And on a rifle's point presented.

"Divide and conquer" was the cry,
Since first their hordes appeared upon us,
"Divide and conquer" is the cry
That has to-day almost undone us,
And now again by fraud and guile
Our lines they're seeking to dis sever,
Oh! men, they must be stricken down
Nor let them rule our land for ever.

Brothers, the spirits of the brave
Intent to-day are bending o'er us,
And, oh! our Motherland to save
With what appealing they implore us.
Let not our ranks, united now,
By Party voicings be invaded,
And if we fighting have to fall
Let us fall gloriously as they did.

They who so long by Aileach's halls
In readiness have been remaining,

Have sensed the struggle from afar,
And at their leash their steeds are straining,
Give us, O, God! in this our day
Of all our centuried strife the fruition,
The march, the muster, the array,
Send us, O, God! the Revolution.

A PRAYER



ORD God of Battles! Hear us,
Hearken, O God, we pray!
Strike England, the foe of Freedom—
Strike England down to-day,
Till the last of her ships is shattered,
Till the last of her guns is gone,
And there's left no sign of her robber rule
In the trail of the setting sun!

UNCONQUERED



YOU have planted your flag upon every crag
Where the winds of the world blow;
Your ships they sail before every gale
Where the world's waters go;
You have conquered the races near and far,
From the sun's rise to its set,
But, oh, we fling it in your face—
We are not conquered yet!

By the higher things you could never feel,
By the dreams you could never know,
We will fight to the end of the glorious fight,
O, hated and ancient foe!
And we pledge you our hate, our deathless hate,
Till the stars from their course are driven,
And the very ends of the earth itself
Asunder are rent and riven.

TO ENGLAND



YOU may say to the world that you've won us
To your side in the conflict at last;
You may go and proclaim we've forgotten
And forgiven the crimes of the past;

You may boast that the battle is over,
That we're vanquished, defeated, undone,
But soon from your dream you'll recover,
O Fool, *We've Not Even Begun.*

A SONG OF DEFIANCE



YE terrorize, intimidate,
Fill every jail to overflowing,
Renew your massacres and make
A gallows of each tree that's growing;
Call every murderous myrmidon
At your command to crush and quell us,
The splendid spirit of our race
Will to the last remain rebellious.

You conquer *us*? Oh, harridan!
As well lift up your hands to Heaven
Then tell the universe that God
His Kingdom unto you has given.
Ah, no; and though from many a field
We for the time perforce retreated
You had to face our ranks again,
And found us ever undefeated.

Aye, down through all the centuries,
Surcharged and sentient with sorrow,
Though we were beaten back to-day
Once more we met you every morrow.
From every sanguinary field
Howe'er the crimson war tide drifted
We came unconquered, and on high
Our flag aloft again was lifted.

The Fates have spoken, and at last
You've fallen from your bloodstained station;
You're down, in the ashes of defeat
And we are wild with exultation.
Terror has clutched you in her clasp
And Fear and Panic stalk beside you;

Ah, harpy, you're revealed at last
Nor all your hoards again can hide you.

Let parasites proclaim your praise
We know how we by you were treated,
And never once our race shall rest
Till you are in the dust, defeated.
We'll fight unflinchingly until
The last enslaving link we sever,
And send you and your cursed brood
From out our country's shores for ever.

Think you, O fool! that we're afraid—
What is it we should fear in dying?
Or could we die a nobler death
Than your detested power defying?
Bring then each bribed assassin forth,
O! Sassenach, you'll sorely need 'em,
To crush the minds of men whose souls
Are fortified at the font of Freedom.

How does our country stand? Sublime,
With heart and soul and face defiant,
Feeling her Liberty at hand
And gloriously self-reliant—
Thrilled with the thought of things to be,
Fibred in every nerve for Freedom,
Again surrounded by her sons
And pledged to victory to lead 'em.

Then terrorize, intimidate,
Fill every jail to overflowing,
Renew your massacres and make
A gallows of each tree that's growing;

Call every murderous myrmidon
At your command to crush and quell us,
The splendid spirit of our race
Will to the last remain rebellious.

RESURGAM



MAGNIFICENT and splendid host
Whose love for her was uppermost,
Fear not that Ireland's cause is lost.

For by our very lives we vow
The radiant beauty of her brow
Shall not be drenched in darkness now.

The flaming flambeaus of the day
Shall soon across her portals play,
And all the powers of darkness slay.

And many a far flung banneret
Shall blazon in its beauty yet
Before her Freedom's sun is set.

Aye, many a ringing battle cry
Shall soon in triumph testify
The glory of her victory.

FOR ENGLAND



AY, who is this that through the night
Shrieks with such terror and affright?
'Tis England from the Fates in flight.

England the harpy, she whose name
Spread desolation where it came,
And misery and want and shame.

From every land through which she passed
Hope, Mercy, Pity fled aghast,
Ah; she is in the toils at last.

She's in the toils, and to the skies,
My soul in exultation cries,
"Lord, God, increase her agonies."

Smite her, O God, from head to foot.
Strike, strike her to the very root,
The perjured, pandering prostitute.

Winnow the world that it may be
From all the fetid foulness free
Of the old lecherous debauchee.

TO ARMS



LOWED, bartered, bleeding and betrayed,
Of alien parasites the prey,
With no one on her side arrayed
To point her the heroic way,
With only those who to her foe
Forever bend and fawn and bow,
Nor know the nobler way to go
How is it with our country now?

About her dear devoted head
The crown of sorrow still is pressed,
And with her sacred life blood red
The tyrant's sword is at her breast,
And while from every pore she bleeds,
And slowly ebbs her life away,
Who is it seriously heeds
Our claim to Nationhood to-day?

How paltry and how mean the plea
That times have changed, and that at last,
Our foe would benefactor be
If we would but forget the past,
And that she uses—what a boon?—
Her olden methods now no more,
Give her but cause and see how soon
The rack and thumbscrew she'll restore.

Aye, give her cause, and to her aid
Will come at but a word from her,
In all their perfidy arrayed
The cutthroat and the perjurer;
For *never* will she be our friend,
However politicians prate,

But will unto the bitter end,
Despise us with the deadliest hate.

O for an hour of those who fought
In groups of two or three or ten,
To think as unafraid *they* thought,
To *do* as they did bravely then;
They unto Britain did not bend,
Nor ever to her prowess bow,
But still resisted to the end,
And would were they but living now.

What; do you blush for those who dared
To fight the foe as best they could?
Or mock them because unprepared
They faced him even where he stood?
Ah, in the days when *they* were here,
No Sassenach, however great,
Would ask our country with a sneer
If she her wants would formulate.

We never yet a fetter broke
By speech however eloquent,
'Twas only when the rifle spoke
That unto us an ear was lent;
Tipperary's hills can tell a tale
The Saxon will not soon forget,
Tipperary, never known to fail,
God, is Tipperary living yet?

What once occurred at Carrickshock
Made more impress on England's mind
Than all our talk. Manchester's Lock
Made history, too, and of a kind

That for full many an after year
She struggled to forget in vain;
God, is there left no spirit here
That will inspire our souls again?

When soon the Indians shall rise
To send the Saxon to the sea,
And revolution lights the skies,
In what position will *we* be?
Found as we often were before,
Unorganized and unprepared,
And yet our Freedom ten times o'er
We might have won, had we but dared.

Where are the arms? where the men?
The commissariat and all
We should have by us to begin
Unless again like flies we'd fall?
The sleekest slave who ever bent
Obedient to a tyrant's knees,
Could from his shrunken soul give vent
To nobler sentiments than these.

Who, when the war cry ever came,
Still by the side of England stood,
But we—to our eternal shame
And built her Empire with our blood.
Without a solitary thought,
We gave her of the best we bred,
Unmindful of the wrong we wrought,
And piled her passes with our dead.

Aye, ever forth for *her* we go,
To fight on many a foreign field,

Where if we do not to the foe,
We to some dread disease must yield;
But yet for this in bitter tone,
No politician will upbraid,
'Tis when we struggle for *our own*
That we a mockery are made.

What of the Sea-Divided-Gael?
Or are they too an empty boast,
Or when from out her shores they sail
Are they to Ireland ever lost?
Wherever o'er the earth they've gone,
For every other land they've fought,
Who says they will not for their own
If they're but once together brought?

Where sweep the Barrow and the Bann,
Are there not men to Ireland true?
Are there not those who for her can
And will some deed of daring do?
Or have her noblest, greatest, gone
To nameless and unnumbered graves,
Only that we might linger on
A race of callous, soulless slaves?

Down the long stretches of the years,
The best and bravest of our race,
Have faithful been through blood and tears,
Rejecting pomp and power and place;
For us they touched each chord of pain,
Of sorrow sounded the abyss,
Christ, did they do it all in vain?
God, have they only died for this?

From field and forum mine and mart,
Arise and arm, plot, plan, prepare,

To play again of *men* the part,
 Then let them mock us—if they dare.
And though to crush again that Cause
 By all our dead so sacred made,
They should invoke the deadliest laws,
 Who says that we shall be afraid?

O HEART OF MINE, YOU ARE NOT DEAD



HEART of mine, you are not dead,
Resplendent soon your Sun will shine,
And we shall once again entwine
A wreath of glory round your head.

Whene'er you called your children came
From all the ramparts of the world,
To see your flag again unfurled,
With hearts and souls and eyes aflame.

Though fearful and though ill they fared,
Yet never were there wanting those
Who evermore against your foes
The Banner of Revolt upreared.

And every bloodstained way they went,
To bring you back your former fame
In one crescendo of acclaim
Still of their deeds is eloquent.

And you have hearts beside you yet
Who, till your hillsides once again
Shall tremble with the tread of men,
Have sworn they will not forget.

O Heart of mine you are not dead:
Resplendent soon your Sun will shine,
And we shall once again entwine
A wreath of glory round your head.

THE CALL



HE crisis has arrived at last,
 'Tis now no time for idle dreaming,
Now when a nobler era dawns
 A soldier's life is more beseeming.
With policies that but betray
 Let politicians trim and trifle,
Be yours the braver, manlier way
 Of learning how to use a rifle.

Hark! Hear you not your country's call?
 Oh, rally once again to shield her,
Make of your breasts a barrier
 And gloriously your life blood yield her;
Stand to defend your heritage,
 One crowded hour in freedom's battle
Is worth a senile century
 Wasted in vain and slavish prattle.

If you'd be free *you've got to fight*,
 With guns and not with idle chatter,
O rest assured your liberty
 Will not be brought you on a platter;
'Twas ne'er achieved save by the sword
 And no land Freedom has within it
Whose sons and sires did not go forth
 And with their good right arms win it.

Appeal no further to the foe,
 Great God by now should you not know him,
He will not yield to you until
 The burnish of a blade you show him.
Have you forgotten how he quailed
 What time he saw the shining cannon

That spoke more mightily than words
From out the streets of old Dungannon?

Where have we in our history
By words alone won satisfaction
Save when our words were backed by those
Whose every attitude meant action?
No, tyranny has never ceased
The seeds of Liberty to stifle,
Until came crashing round its ears
The royal music of a rifle.

Oh, be not once again deceived
By those who cry "conciliation,"
That loathsome and that coward creed
That brought disaster to our nation.
Conciliate; unite with those
Who fain would forge anew our fetters?
Ah, no; by the Almighty God
We never will unite with traitors.

Nature and Nature's God from first
Intended us to be a Nation,
The peer of any upon earth
Without one bond or limitation;
And, oh, on that disastrous day—
—If it should come—that will permit us
To give that Nationhood away
May Christ, the Son of God, forget us.

Oh, if at last we fall so low,
For all the sorrows we have suffered,
As to relinquish every right
For this base compromise that's offered,

Then speak of liberty no more
Lest all our dead unknown and nameless
Should rise from out their every grave
To curse a race that sank so shameless.

Away, away; leave loyalty
To rot within its fetid furrow,
Gird up your loins for nobler things,
And watch you for the warlike morrow.
Grasp in your hands the bayonet's hilt,
Liberty's only true defender,
And swear the very sun shall wilt
Before 'twill witness your surrender.

Rise, daughters of our race and be
As were those splendid Spartan mothers,
Who bravely to the battle sent
Their sweethearts, husbands, sires and brothers.
Bid yours prepare with might and main
To face again the conflict glorious,
And tell them as the Spartans told
"Come on your shields if not victorious."

For all the glory of the past,
For all the future holds before us,
Let not the hour go by again,
That even now is looming o'er us.
Bury all discord and all strife,
Each spirit of disunion stifle,
Come forward at your country's call
And learn how to use a rifle.

THE END IS NOW



GAIN they go, my children go,
Who should remain beside me now,
They go to fight for her who burned
This cross upon their mother's brow

There's scarce a war way of the world,
Whereon their bravery's not writ,
Writ for the foe who flung them forth,
The shame of it, the shame of it!

By Alpine hill and Russian steppe,
And far off by the Indian sea,
Their bones are bleaching in the sun—
If only they had died for me!

Through many a wild and rough defile,
Up many a bleak and lonely height,
Where sign of man was never seen,
They've borne the flag that's been their blight.

And even at that world's end,
Where 'Thibet's monks are called to prayer,
Leading the first of England's hosts,
My sons have left their bodies there.

Oh, I had rather see them dead
And sleeping calmly by my side,
Than know they were the pawns of her
By whom I have been crucified!

She takes their youth and strength, and when
They can no more a bulwark be,
She lets them in the ditches die,
Or sends them paupers back to me—

To me deserted and despoiled,
The plaything of her tyranny,
Stripped of my heritage and left
Alone in my Gethsemane.

Oh, had they but by me remained,
If only they for me had died,
What rank would not be mine to-day,
What joy, what prowess and what pride!

Pride, but not with pride like hers,
Not proud for all the spoils of war,
Not proud for things material,
But proud for what is nobler far.

Proud for the inner gift to see
And give instruction by that sight,
As when, before, shone from my shores,
To all the world a flood of light.

Then darkness was upon the land,
And Europe in its hand was held,
Until I sent my children forth
And lo, that darkness was dispelled!

Aye, before every breeze that blew
My barks were sailing all the seas,
Favored by all the winds of God,
Bearing abroad my mission'ries.

They went not with Invasion's blight,
They went not with Oppression's pall,
Nor treasures seeking, but to bear
Learning and love and light to all.

And so again in pride of place,
I would to man a mentor be,

To lead him to the heights and show
There was a something more to see—

A something higher was to see,
A something nobler was to know,
Other than the transition things
That vanish as the winter's snow.

But ah, they go; my children go,
Her impious Empire to extend,
And leave me in my loneliness!
When is the end, when is the end?

* * * *

The end is near, the end is now,
O, Motherland, look up and see
The wanton of the world at last
Is stricken in her infamy!

Not theirs the blame, O, Mother mine,
But hers who sent them forth to slay,
But by our suffering and their shame,
And by our God we will repay!

Aye, by our God we will repay
A thousand fold the centuried debt,
We will again to England show
That we have not been conquered yet.

And, Mother, we will stand for you
As fearless as our fathers stood,
And we will wipe your sorrows out
Drowned in the best of England's blood.

Time has brought many things to pass,
Time has not and will never see
The day when England "finis" writes
Unto your struggle to be free.

CAITLIN



UNSHROUDED in my suffering
Along my lonely way I go,
But hopeful for the few who cling
And cleave to me through every woe.

Through every woe and every war,
Unending fight for me they made,
My faithful undefeated sons
Whose fealty was unafraid.

And all that Life's young morning meant,
All the red wine of Life they gave,
And to their death, they deathless went,
My splendid heritage to save.

They went, they fell, and to their place
To safeguard my unconquered cause,
Sprang all the splendor of the race
With all that great and wondrous was.

And many a crashing cavalcade,
Up through each blinding battle smoke,
Bearing my banner to the sun
With cries unconquerable broke.

They gave me all the gifts they had,
Their blood has dyed my every plain,
My Brave, my Brave who loved me well,
What dastard says they died in vain?

THE SOUL OF IRELAND



AM a stranger indeed to many, but, ah, I am well known and well beloved by a glorious few! Sorrow is upon me and a great grief. Banishment has been my portion and an unbroken canticle of suffering has been my lot. I have lived in caves and mountain places and have gone down to the Valley of Desolation, but *I have never sold my soul*. Bruised and bleeding are my feet, and bleeding, aye bleeding for ages has been my heart. I was there with Brian when he smote with the Sword of Righteousness and banished for ever from my shores those who would desecrate my soil. I was in every effort made by all my faithful until in one wild caoine of lamentation the world heard how my heart was being broken at the Boyne; and after that, down all the night, the fearful, fearful night, when, with never a ray of consolation, my bravest went forth with the great faith of children to restore me my heritage and bring me back my own. Prince and Priest, scholar and soldier, the titled lady and the little maid, all, all left their every avocation and burned the incense of their splendid adoration in worship before my shrine. I was at Fontenoy and Landen when my sons gave their lives for another but sighed out their last breath in sorrow and longing for me. I was in Thomas Street when the Strangers shed the bravest blood poured out for my redemption, and in '48 and '67 I saw my sons go down to failure but never to defeat. Tomorrow I shall call for sacrifice again. On whom can I rely? On whom can I rely?

Even now the mists are rising from the valleys and I hear voices vibrant with triumphant music halloing along the hills. I am calling on you again, O children of the Gael! I am calling on you again. On whom can I rely? On whom can I rely?

PREPARE FOR ACTION



AND this then is the thing you send,
To bridge the centuries of sorrow,
This is the thing for which you say
Your Empire we'll uphold to-morrow?

Ah, no, our hands are free from crime
They have no shameful stains upon them,
And if we have concessions won
We do not thank you that we won them.

We bow no head, we bend no knee,
No acquiescence do we yield you,
Nor do we promise of our hearts
One moiety to guard or shield you.
Though every slave within the land
Should spend his life blood in rejoicing,
We, who have other work to do,
To other matters must give voicing.

Our rebel flag still woos the breeze,
Where is the dastard who would flout it
While there remain a rebel few
Who'll range their bodies all about it?
Though trampled upon many a field
It yielded to the foeman never,
And lo! it takes its place again
And floats more proudly now than ever.

Let there be peace? Aye, honest peace,
The peace that will our rights restore us,
*But never peace while there remains
Great Britain's blood-stained banner o'er us.*
Though loyalty is cried aloud
All have not yet the cause forsaken,
All are not won, nor will they be
Though to its centre earth were shaken.

O! noble and devoted dead,
Fear not your sacrifice was wasted;
They lie who tell us 'twas in vain
The bitterest things of life you tasted.
They're slaves who say our native land
Will never more become a nation,
The cause you fought for must go on
Till we achieve its consummation.

Even the faithfulest had feared
That Fate eternally would flout us,
When, lo! that hour for which we prayed,
Loomed as by miracle about us.
No man can shirk his duty now,
Now, now the hour is that will try us,
And, oh! how great will be our shame
If we again let it go by us.

What mockery was all we said,
How more than vain was all our vaunting,
If when the crisis comes again,
That crisis comes and finds us wanting.
Forbid it God that this should be
Forbid that we should show a token
Of yielding until every tie
And every binding link is broken.

And so, in God's name, let's prepare,
Be ready when arrives the summons,
Our country's honor to uphold
Regardless of their Lords or Commons.
Let's seek no more by vain appeal
To gain for Ireland satisfaction;
The time for talking has gone by
Have done with words, *prepare for action.*

NEMESIS



WITH infamy inebriate
Upon her blood-stained throne she sate,
And thought herself secure. At last
Nemesis through the portals passed.

And she whose hydra-headed hate
Made half the world desolate,
Looked forth in horror to behold
The scrolls of Fate at last unfold.

And hear the millions forced to flee
The trammels of her tyranny,
With hearts and souls aflame, to-day
For her annihilation pray.

A REQUEST




OR all the sorrows we withstood
Against the Saxon blackguard brood,
I raise my voice, O, God on high
And crave of you to hear my cry!

When Britain is securely bound
And 'round her fast Fate's web is wound,
Lord, God in Heaven, I ask one prayer—
Grant me the glory to be there!

Give me the great boon to be nigh
When 'round her neck the noose they tie,
And send her shrieking in the air
Grant, grant, O God, that I be there!

NOT EVEN THEN

INCE you polluted first our shores
Seven hundred sad years have departed,
Yet England we are here to-day
As unsubdued as when we started;
You may have gold and ships and men,
And faith by all the gods you'll need 'em
To make our rebel Irish race
Forego its glorious fight for freedom.

You drove us from each fertile plain,
You scourged us from each blood-drenched valley;
You thought us crushed when from each hill
There rose again our rebel rally.
Aye, at the very time when most
You of our death were calmly dreaming,
You saw again against the sky
Our glorious banner grandly gleaming.

That flag will float, that spirit live,
Long after all your power is humbled.
And the soul of Ireland will survive
When into dust your race has crumbled;
But should you live a million years,
You'll find that still we in your way are,
You'll find us Irish still at bay
As rebel then as we to-day are.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?




YES, we're "conspiring" as you claim,
To save our kin across the water,
From being led forth in England's van,
And sent into the shambles' slaughter;
We're putting rifles in their hands
To use whatever time they'll need 'em—
Since when has it become a crime,
America, to arm for Freedom?

Time was within your own domain
When in the balance Freedom trembled,
The exiled children of the Gael
Around you to a man assembled.
Nor was there found in that long roll
One who disloyal was or traitor,
Nor have I heard that *they* were *then*
Assigned the name of "agitator."

Our people's safety is at stake,
The British desperately need 'em,
Out on the battlefields of France,
There to the cannon's mouth to feed 'em.
By every means within their power
The men of Ireland will oppose it,
And we'll uphold them to the end,
Nor do we give a damn who knows it.

And may success be on their side,
And may the God of battles speed 'em,
Who'll arm *when, where, and how, they can,*
To fight again for Ireland's Freedom.
So let us send the fiat forth,
Let no man for a moment doubt it,
We're with our people to the end,
What are you going to do about it?

THE VOICE OF THE DEAD

“TCH me my claymore,” cried O’Neill,
Loud from his grave O’Donnell spoke—
“Who are these dastards who proclaim
Allegiance to the English yoke?”

And every stalwart gallowglass
Who fell beneath the English heel
Rose upward from his gory shroud
And reached instinctive for his steel.

And all our dead, o’er all the earth,
Who through the years have slept in peace
At tidings of the treachery
Clamored incessant for release—

All who upon the scaffold died,
And all who brave in battle fell,
And all whose splendid lives were spent
In many a loathsome prison cell,

And all the millions of our race
Who filled the frightful famine graves,
And all of those whose bones to-day
Are buried ’neath th’ Atlantic waves,

And all the dauntless unsubdued
Who fought through penury and pain
To keep their motherland alive,
Some glory for that land to gain.

Not for a better thing to eat,
Not for a better place to bide,
But for her liberty complete
Have these, the flower of Ireland died—

Ireland, whose every vale and hill
And mountain way with blood is wet,
The blood of all her precious ones—
God, can their children now forget—

The victims of seven hundred years
Of massacre and blood and flame
Sundered the shroud in which they slept,
And to their country's summons came.

A million wraith-like hands were raised,
A million wraith-like voices spoke:
"Accurst forever be the slaves
Who bow beneath the Saxon yoke!"

* * * *

Back to your graves, devoted dead,
Nor fear for Ireland's freedom now,
Nor heed the traitors who would burn
The brand of slavery on her brow.

Leave them who would their land betray
And on her bondage now seem bent
To that which surely will repay—
To Time's terrific chastisement.

But Ireland will not be subdued
Nor will her honor bartered be
Though all the world against her stood
While runs one river to the sea.

WHAT PLEDGE?

On the theory, no doubt, that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," several New York scribes have lately been clamoring for a renewal of fealty to the United States by those dreadful people, the "hyphenated-Americans." It might be interesting to ascertain how many of said scribes are really American citizens.



PLEDGE! Of what? Of our loyalty?

We've given that with our bravest blood.

Wherever our flag was by foes assailed,

'Twas *we* who foremost against them stood.

You give a pledge of whom there's doubt;

We need no oath or pledge to bind us.

Whenever our country on us calls,

Fronting the foe—'tis there you'll find us.

A HYPHENATE'S DEFIANCE

A certain distinguished citizen has seen fit to lecture the only people who always stood by this country when it was in danger upon their supposed want of loyalty to "the flag." He has threatened us with all manner of punishment, even that of having us shot *in the back*, typical perhaps of the mode of warfare *that* type of warrior pursues. It might not be amiss for some of this gentleman's friends to supply him with a sedative.



RATE not about the "flag" to us,
We've never been to it a stranger,
'Twas *we* who rallied round its folds
And saved it when it was in danger;
Each battlefield's dyed with the blood
Of those who fell that flag defending,
And Glory's splendid coronal
Above their graves to-day is bending.

We glory in our hyphened names,
We love the Motherland that bore us,
Nor shall we once forego that love
Whatever flag is floating o'er us.
He who is recreant to the land
That all his people lived and died in
Will never honor by his life
The land he happens to reside in.

We never failed the country yet,
And when the foe would fain invade it
The hyphens leaped to its defence
And none defended it as they did.
And if a crisis comes again,
We'll be found foremost in the vanguard,
And with our bodies and our lives
We'll make a shield for Freedom's standard.

We did not have to come and learn
 What patriotism is from you, sir,
Nor shall we suffer you to say
 What policy we must pursue, sir,
And when again in threatening tones
 You shriek, be careful whom you *bray* at,
For if *you're* spoiling for a fight,
 Well, that's a game that two can play at.

FEAR NOT FOR ME



HEN all around me lay the deep
Calm unanimity of sleep,
A voice said proudly, "Do not weep ;

"Nor fear that I will faithless be
To all the dead who died for me
Beneath the Saxon perfidy.

"Though only slaves my soil should tread,
Yet will I bear unbowed my head
While rest with me my gallant dead.

"Through Death and Death's delirium,
Though 'twere to meet their martyrdom,
They to my call have ever come.

"Each splendid gift for me they gave,
Nor sought they once their lives to save,
Though loomed the gallows and the grave.

"When all the country pulsed with pain,
And blood and tears were shed like rain,
The Stranger sought, but sought in vain,

"To crush me, aye, for even still
That spirit that he could not kill
Is calling loud from every hill.

"And when my bravest lay beneath
The dismal draperies of Death
Because of their unconquered faith

“Stayed by me still the heroic few,
Whom even Death could not undo,
Whose faith no foeman could subdue.

“The Stranger boasts the pomp of war;
I boast what is more potent far—
A mind his might can never mar.

“Fear not for me, nor be afraid,
I'll not be crushed howe'er betrayed
Till all the land in death is laid.”

THE DEAD



THEY went to death, and you could not save them,
O! tender Mother and Mother true,
And though 'twas but sorrow and grief you gave them,
They still were faithful, ashore, to you.

Not once, O Heart, did they ever fail you,
Nor question once what the end might prove,
But they went to death with a joy and laughter,
For their hearts were aflame with a holy love.

They have not failed; from their graves has risen
A spirit that ever shall guide us on,
Till we reach the heights to which they led us,
And bathe our foreheads in Freedom's dawn.

MACROOM CASTLE

There, too, was the dear old town among the hills, with the beautiful river flowing between, o'er whose banks still frowned that grand old castle that may have had bravely withstood the march of the invaders, or witnessed the last glorious struggle of the thousands of souls who died immortally and grandly for Mother Ireland. There it stood, clothed with ivy, looking dark and frowning as if mourning over days that were gone, but so erect and grand as if to inspire one with the hope that though we were deprived of our own and sent broadcast over the earth by God there should yet come the day for revenge.



HE wintry days are gone at last,
The winds are o'er, the storms are passed:
The woods that long had lost their sheen
Are clad again in brilliant green;

Once more from out each shady grove
The birds renew their lays of love,
Pure is the air, each wind that blows
Kisses the petals of a rose,
From every bank the daisies peep,
And cowslips from each crevice creep,
And flowers in wild profusion bloom
Around the Castle of Macroom.

Old stronghold of Mac Caura Clan—
Mac Caura chivalrous and brave,
Before whom oft the Saxon ran,
Or stayed to fill a foeman's grave.
How oft around thy festive board
Thronged many a rebel Irish lord,
Who yet again full deeply swore
To drive the Saxon from the shore.
How quick and festive flew the hours
Within thy strong and stately towers,

As 'round the wine cup circled free
And rose and swelled the minstrelsy.
What pleasure beamed on every face,
As the aged minstrel took his place
To sing to many a Gaelic air
Of noble knight and lady fair,
Of love and war, and dwell upon
The days that now alas were gone,
Before the bastard Saxon came
To blight our land with sword and flame,
And plant within our souls a hate,
That nothing can obliterate.
And well that aged minstrel might
Sing of their prowess in a fight,
For since from o'er the seas there came
The founder of the honored name,
Never upon a battlefield
Was a Mac Caura known to yield,
And many a time the foeman felt
The blow by their strong arm dealt,
Well might the foeman blanche with fear,
Whene'er their war cry sounded near,
The battle axe was swift and sure,
When wielded by Mac Caura Mor :
And often did their cannon boom
To hold the town of old Macroom.

Peace be unto your every grave,
Rebellious forefathers and brave,
Who willingly your lifeblood gave,
Your land from tyranny to save ;
Each storied page doth amply tell
How valiantly you fought and well,
Fought for the land whose every vale,
And lake and rock and crag and dale,

Is hallowed with a heroic tale—
Our own dear Island of the Sea
That could not, *would not* conquered be,
For every vale and every hill,
Would be a rebel stronghold still,
If we but only had our will.

Aye, think you, Sassenach, that we
Who've fought so long for Liberty,
Think you that we whose bitter tears
Have fallen for seven hundred years,
Will basely now relinquish all
For some concession mean and small?
Oh, no, because from every vale,
Wherever fell a rebel Gael,
From every glen and every hill
Where the old spirit's throbbing still,
From gibbet, hulk and prison cell,
Where we have learned to know you well—
From Liffey's banks and Shannon's side
And the old Lee's rebellious tide—
From Mullaghmast and old Dunbuidhe,
And Limerick of the Treaty,
From thine own Castle, old Macroom,
And Emmet's unrecorded tomb,
Oh, from where'er the Gael has fled,
The voices of the martyred dead,
Ring out defiantly and free
It shall not be, it shall not be.

LINES TO THE SULLANE



HEN my soul shall escape from its prison of clay,
And wing its aerial flight 'mid the blue,
Methinks I shall hover awhile on my way,
To bid to Macroom a last, lingering adieu.
When the birds are all sleeping, the stars shining bright,
And the moonbeams at play upon every lawn,
I'll poise for the last taste of earthly delight,
O'er the banks of my own, my beloved Sullane.

Dear spot, where in childhood I ofentimes played
With the friends and companions now scattered afar,
And dreamt the vain dreams that so soon were to fade
'Mid the din of the world's rude clamor and war.
Ah, fondly I cherish each memory dear,
That embellished the hues of Life's roseate dawn,
If e'er there was heaven on earth sure 'twas here
By the banks of my own, my beloved Sullane.

Historic old town—for historic thou art,
And hast writ in thy country's story a leaf,
When the time came to strike, didst not thou take a part?
And the struggle was grand and heroic, though brief.
Sullane: did thy waters then "Caoine" for the brave,
Who before the Invader were destined to fall,
When valor and daring availed not to save,
And the tyrant strode conqueror, lord over all?

Oh, delighted I'd gaze upon every spot
That I knew in the sweet hours of childhood so well,
And though from them I roamed sure they were not forgot,
Fain, fain would I linger to bid them farewell:
On the old Bridge's battlement long would I stay,
Till the skylark betokened the coming of dawn,
And ascending on high, I'd look down on my way,
For a last, long farewell to my lovely Sullane.

MOTHER O' MINE



H, there's no one at all in the world like you, dear,
No one at all who so holds to my heart,
No one so tender and no one so true, dear,
No one for whom I from you would depart;
Though exiled afar to the land of the stranger,
I shall not forget you in shadow or shine,
In sickness, or sorrow, in dread or in danger,
To you I'll be faithful, oh, Mother o' Mine.

Through the night of my exile your hands have upheld me,
Your memory has cheered me, and lighted my way,
And the hope, oh, my Mother, has evermore thrilled me,
That soon I shall witness the dawn of the day—
The day that will see from each mountain and valley,
The sheen of our sabres resplendently shine,
When your children again all around you shall rally,
To bring back your glory, oh, Mother o' Mine.

Oh, Mother o' Mine, can you hear how I cry to you,
Call to you all through the night time and day,
Yearn for you, long for you, wish I might fly to you,
But awaken to find myself far, far away?
Sure the heart in my bosom is broken with longing,
And my soul for your face never ceases to pine
And through all of my life there is no thought comes thronging
That is not of you, dear, oh, Mother o' Mine.

They have bowed down in sorrow your head that was peerless,
With the blood of your bravest they've drenched every plain,
With fire and with sword, all your homes they made cheerless,
And proclaimed you were conquered again and again.
In their wake they left nothing but rapine and slaughter,
They have ruined each hearthstone, and rifled each shrine,
But the best of their blood shall yet flow like the water,
When we come to avenge you, oh, Mother o' Mine.

The call to the hillsides again will be sounding,
And tense with devotion we wait for the cry,
When your children again o'er the seas will go bounding,
Once more for your sake, dear, to do and to die.
The whine of the coward we pass by with scorning,
The fight for your freedom we shall not resign
Until we have crowned you sublime as the morning,
And throned you in beauty, oh, Mother o' Mine.

NOT YET

Mr. Redmond has declared that he was denied his birth-right in being born outside the pale of the British Empire, but that with the enactment of Home Rule his birthright will be restored, and that Ireland will then send the brawn and brain of the country to build up the Empire and make it strong.



ND shall we basely then forget
The countless hosts who for us set
Their breasts against the bayonet?

Ah! no; by all our martyred dead
We must fight on with heart and head
And fearlessly the winepress tread.

And though our victory may be late
Thou knowest, God, our cause is great,
And we can still afford to wait.

We did not unto Britain bow
When triumph circled all her brow,
Who dares say we shall do so now?

We envy not her loathsome name,
Upon her crimes we lay no claim
Nor shall we shoulder now her shame.

We speak the spirit of our race
That no power ever can efface
And back our steps we shall not trace.

The winds o'er a dead world shall wail
Hell against heaven shall prevail
Before we in our trust shall fail.

You pledge our country's brain and brawn
To safeguard for the devil's spawn—
Now that her glory's well nigh gone—

The accursed bloated Empire, built
By daggers poisoned to the hilt
And blood and treachery and guilt?

Ah! no, she'll suffer on as she
Has suffered in the past ere we
Consent to such an infamy.

Rather the ravages of war
And all the miseries that are
Before we say we've fallen so far.

O! rivers that ran red with blood;
O! fields whereon our fathers stood;
O! all you mighty multitude

Who for the cause of Ireland fell
On gibbet and in prison cell,
Like you the tale these traitors tell?

The very hills a protest shout,
Great God! the very stones cry out
What is this thing that you're about?

O! spurn *that* monumental shame,
Press on in Ireland's holy name
And fight for Freedom's oriflame.

AN IRISH REVERIE



IGHT'S lengthening shadows trailing down
Are fast enveloping the town,
The sea birds moaning from the west,
Send of the storm a due behest,
Even now upon the window pane
A tattoo's beaten by the rain,
That call boy of the hurricane,
And while across the o'ertopping hill
The bleak New England wind is blowing,
My heart that never can be still
Forever, ever back is going
To where from many a mountain stream
The Launa to the Lee is flowing.

Back, back my thoughts take flight to when
I roamed a boy in Harding's Glen,
Finding in crannies and in nooks
A knowledge never given in books,
And in my day dreams saw reveal'd
The glory of each flood and field,
Heard Nature's myriad harmonies
Chant many an anthem through the trees,
Saw every scene before me spread
By many a wild flower garlanded
Nor ever for a moment thought
That sorrow could to me be brought,
Even then I pondered o'er again
The record of each robber reign,
Saw how the land had been betrayed
By every law the tyrant made,—
That land that had so long been great
Now with but woe articulate,—
Beheld the appalling mental blight

That crushed her through the age-long night,
Saw Famine's gaunt and hellish hand
Spread death and doom throughout the land,
Until her sons, with sorrow bent,
Far to the west unwilling went,
To where even wilds a shelter lent,
Till all that beauteous used to be
Was melted to a memory,
And low in tears I bowed my head
O'er the Golgotha of her dead,
And it seemed vain, aye, worse than vain,
To hope that Land would live again,
And yet that hope was never slain;
For hoarded in my heart away,
As manna for a mournful way,
I also saw before her play
The breaking of a better day.
I saw the glory and the grace
That soon shall flood and fill her face,
When she again shall take her place—
The Mother of a free-born race—
When in the end supreme, sublime,
She'll triumph even over 'Time.
Even now, in Memory's mazes lost,
I view the Autumnal holocaust
Ablaze from mountain crest to coast;
Deep in the city hear the call
Of many a winding waterfall,
And though I see it near no more,
Thrill to the torrent's rush and roar
As when I 'mong the meadows played,
By moonlight o'er the mountains strayed
And heard from out each glen and glade
The music that the fairies made,
And, envious of every star

That shines above you where you are,
O Motherland, whom none can mar,
I wait your war cry from afar.
And through the night, the whole day through,
O, Heart, I can but cry to you!
I can but cry and crave to be
Deep in the fight to make you free,
That so before I too have gone
Where sun nor moon has never shone
I'll something give of heart or brain
To bring your glory back again;
For when the knell for me is rung
I fain would find myself among
The splendid brave whose eyes with pride
Were lifted when for you they died,
O, Mother grand and glorified.

MY LOVE WHO DIED FOR IRELAND



HE flowers again are budding, 'tis the springtide of the year,

And all around the woodlands the birds are singing clear,

While in loneliness and sorrow I kneel beside you here—

My Love who died in battle brave for Ireland.

O Heart: the tears I shed for you—the tears that still I shed—
When first they told me that my Love was out there with the dead,
And yet, mo croidhe, I could not wish for you a holier bed,
Than where you fell in battle brave for Ireland.

Mo croidhe, mo croidhe, I made no moan when forth from me
you went,

Though many a day and many an hour in sorrow since I spent,
But Mary's Son was kind to me and courage to me lent.

The day that you went forth to fight for Ireland.

I have waited in the boreen, dear, full many a time since then,
And have crooned my song of sorrow to the hawthorn and the
whin,

The boreen where I met you—ah—we shall not meet again—

The day that you went forth to fight for Ireland.

They have laid you in the valley where so nobly, dear, you died,
And ever since you left me my tears have not been dried,
But I know that up in heaven, dear, your soul is glorified,
Because you fell in battle brave for Ireland.

THE BARRICADES



HEY told us of it gloatingly, they told us you were
dead,

And that among the nations no more should rise your
head,

They said the strife was over, that our struggle was in vain,
But yet we'll man the barricades for Motherland again.

The tramp of armed men once more is heard on every hand
And the old undying spirit is spreading through the land.
Rejoice, O men of Ireland, and shout the glad refrain:
We're going to man the barricades for Motherland again.

By the great God of Glory, 'tis good again to know
That serried ranks are forming once more to face the foe.
O Noble Dead! O Splendid Dead! You have not died in vain
And we're going to man the barricades for Motherland again.

THE SEPARATIST



E is where free men never fail
To voice the cause of Innisfail,
Where free men still a warfare wage,
For Ireland's holy heritage,
Wherever men together meet
The ways of tyrants to defeat,
Wherever Freedom's trumpets blare
You'll find the Separatist there.

Through persecutions' age-long night
He ever stood for Ireland's right.
For her the outlawed life he led,
A price for ever on his head,
The bracken bleak and bare his bed;
And many a lawless Saxon band
Who fain would desecrate the land
Met its undoing at his hand.
That Saxon saw him gaunt and grim
Defend the passes of Aughrim;
Cromwell's invaders at Clonmel
Beheld his bravery excel
The fury of the infidel;
While with O'Donnell and O'Neill
To fight for Ireland at Kinsale
The Separatist did not fail.
And after all the bitter years
Of blood and treachery and tears
The voice that spoke from Oulart Hill
Attested he was living still;
And lo! how splendidly he stood
Unterrified and unsubdued
Again within Kilclooney wood.

He is not in the Saxon halls,
Where every cringing coward crawls,
He is not with the reptile band
Who fain would barter Motherland,
But where men gather bold and brave
Who seek again their land to save
And for her sake will all things dare
O, Slave! the Separatist's there.

THE NEWS FROM FONTENOY

"In Ireland, as the news came in, first of the British defeat, and then gradually of the glorious achievements of the Brigade and the honors paid to Irish soldiers, a sudden but silent flush of triumph and of hope broke upon the oppressed race; and many a gloomy countenance brightened, with a gleam of stern joy, in the thought that the long mourned 'Wild Geese' would one day return with Freedom and Vengeance in the flash of the bayonets of Fontenoy."—Mitchel's History of Ireland.



O: Dermot, lift thy heart once more, nor shed that burning tear,

But rouse thee up and list unto the tidings that are here,

Go bid each soul-crushed man rejoice, spread wide the tale of joy,

Our "Wild Geese" beat the Sassenach to-day at Fontenoy.

Nay tarry not nor stand amazed but get thee quickly forth,
Proclaim the glorious, joyful news all through the south and north,

And oh: how glad will beat each heart to hear thee tell my boy,
Of how the foe was beaten back to-day at Fontenoy.

Oh: many a sunken downcast eye will flash forth fire again,
And hope shall beat in many a breast where sorrow long has lain,
And many a fervent prayer of thanks shall there ascend on high,
Because our "Wild Geese" beat the foe to-day at Fontenoy.

Aye, eyes shall flash and hearts shall hope and bosoms beat once more,

And eyes shall fondly look for aid to France's friendly shore,
The aid that will enable us for ever to destroy
The robber horde who met defeat to-day at Fontenoy.

Then Dermot let thy heart no more be filled with dread or fear,
But rouse thee up—who would not at the great news that is here
Bid every rebel soul rejoice, spread wide the tale of joy,
Our “Wild Geese” beat the Sassenach to-day at Fontenoy.

TO JOHN E. REDMOND, ARCH TRAITOR AND
SLAVE



BESIDE your heaped up monumental shame
Iscaiot's will be an honored name;
Dermot MacMurrough, Corydon or Keogh
For all their treason never sank so low.

O Arch Assassin of your land and race
Long may you live to dodder in disgrace,
And when they lay your carcass in the clay
The very worms, ashamed, will crawl away.

THE CAUSE



O, Ireland's Cause shall never die
However crushed by cruelty—
That cause for which with glorious pride
Our bravest and our best have died,
Nor ever valued aught beside.
Betrayed, deserted, fugitive,
Forbidden in the land to live,
Banished, in terror to abide
On many a lonely mountain side,
Where every rustle seemed to be
The footfall of the enemy,
Yet evermore before they died
They made one last defiant stand
For Freedom and for Motherland,
And dying, swore their sons to see
The Cause would not abandoned be;
And left behind a heritage
That even Time can never age.
And though 'tis more the fashion now
Before the enemy to bow
And favors from her hand to take,
Who tried our mother's heart to break,
Counselling gravely that 'twere best
At last to leave the land to rest;
And of the brave who suffered say—
"Too bad they threw their lives away"—
'Tis men like these who stood alone
When even hope itself seemed gone,
Whose every even vain defence,
Was moulded in magnificence,
Who through the gloom could ever see
The aureole of Liberty,
And labored, suffered, struggled on

Through every darkness to the dawn.
'Tis men like these who will achieve
That end for which alone we live—
Our country's freedom to restore
And all its glory to her give.
And though in bitterness we own
That many now have recreant grown,
That many joy to kiss the hand
That made a shambles of their land,
Fear not, we lived through that before.
When ruin reigned at every door
And happiness was known no more,
When shattered, trampled in the dust,
Lay all on which our hopes were founded,
A rebel few of dauntless mind
Swept like a Mænad down the wind,
From every ensanguined grave
Leaped forth the spirits of the brave,
Again was raised Rebellion's brand
Illuminating all the land
And out from every hill a grand
Reveille of revolt resounded.
A rebel few will raise again—
And this time, surely, not in vain,—
The standard that so long withstood
The onslaught of each English brood,
And from our shores will banish her,
The monstrous, murderous minister
Of every evil thing astir.

THE REBEL



He died upon the hillside all alone,
Determined, grim.
God, I'd have given much
To have died with him.

He never questioned once
How many were or few,
The only thing *he* knew
Was—*what to do.*

He died upon the hillside all alone,
Determined, grim.
God, I'd have given much
To have died with him.

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT CORK?

A friend of mine told me that during the Fenian days the Cork men, running short of ammunition for the intended insurrection, went to some of the old burial grounds and dug up the lead coffins to mould them into bullets, and that James Stephens, on hearing it, said: "I wouldn't doubt the Cork men." I can't vouch for the veracity of my friend's statement, but if the Cork men did do this I certainly should not consider it a sacrilege nor could the Cork men of to-day do better than to emulate their example.



HAVE you heard about Cork, the unfailing and fearless,
All you who in terror would flinch from the fray?
Have you heard about Cork that was never found
wanting

When brave men were needed to blazon the way?
Fling it out so the winds of the world may hear it,
Fling it so the tyrant may tremble to know
That the true men of Cork have gone down to the graves
To get lead to make bullets to fire at the foe.

Magnificent Cork, you were ever rebellious,
Since first the invader polluted your sod,
Your sword ever leaped to the forefront in danger
And sent many a Sassenach soul to its God,
All through the long night of dark desolation
In the cause of our freedom not once did you fail,
But you stood unafraid with your face to the foeman
To safeguard the glory and rights of the Gael.

And Saxon, to-day, when the wiles that you're weaving,
Like a blighting miasma o'ershadow the land,
When even the bravest and best have grown doubtful,
Say still where does Cork the magnificent stand?

Why she stands here unchanged, as rebellious as ever,
Still splendidly faithful and splendidly true,
And the roar of the rifle, the crash of the cannon,
Are the tokens of friendship Cork proffers to you.

THE HILLS OF HOLY IRELAND



HERE'S a glitter and a glamor all along the Great White
Way,
And every blessed wan I meet is rigged in fine
array,

But the heart, and faith the soul of me are far from here to-day,
Back home among the hills of Holy Ireland.

For all the glare and glitter, 'tis meself that's feelin' queer,
Sure every day in this place is as long as half a year,
And there's nothing that I hope for and there's nothing that I
hear,

But the callin' o' the hills of Holy Ireland.

Sure I'm never free from worry, and I'm never free from care,
And hearts like those in Ireland I can't find anywhere,
And I'd give all I ever saw for just one breath of air
That blows across the hills of Holy Ireland.

MARCH 4TH

Tyrants may deride and provincialists may endeavor to take from them the merit that is undoubtedly theirs, but the memory of those "who rose in dark and evil days to right their native land" will remain imperishably pure in the hearts of their countrymen as long as the grass grows green upon the hillsides of Eire. They died not for honor or esteem, they died not for glory or renown, but they died that we their children might breathe pure and untainted the holy atmosphere of freedom. Surrounded by foes and beset by traitors, immortally they stood at bay and magnificently flung back against the face of tyranny the wrongs of a people oppressed. These are the men in whose footsteps we must follow, these the men whose principles we must preach.



THE summer's day was nearly done,
And low had gone the setting sun,
In peace the valley lay below,
The heathery hills were all aglow,
The mountain brooklet babbling by
Crooned many a mournful melody,
The swan was resting on the lake,
The birds had gathered in the brake,
And all was silent as I stood
Alone amid the solitude.
The ruined castle standing nigh
Refreshed again my memory,
Till all my country's past appeared
With blood and tears and treachery seared,
I saw how we had been betrayed,
I saw the havoc that was made.
Our every rooftree burned and bare
Until at last in our despair
We turned our eyes to paradise

And asked was God no longer there.
How oft I thought from yonder wall
Responsive to the warder's call
At morn came forth a merry throng,
With jovial laugh and joyous song,
To follow fleetly as the wind,
Far to the north the hart and hind
Through many a fertile vale and glen
That were not all deserted then,
While many a shrill and wild haloo
Full many a valley echoed through
And waked the dead who therein lie
Entombed for many a century.
Ah, came they now, they scarce would know
Nor flower doth bloom nor tree doth blow
For all is barren, bleak and bare
That once bloomed beautiful and fair
 O'er many a rolling fertile plain
 You seek a human home in vain
For where our fathers' homesteads rose
Now roam the cattle of our foes,
While cast on many a foreign land
Labors the manhood of our land
Who but for alien laws would be
A proud and prosperous peasantry.
Behold the fields bereft and bare
Where once our people's dwellings were,
Huts, if you will, unkempt, unclean,
 Where squalor stalked with wretchedness,
But huts that held their walls within
 The nationhood's manhood nonetheless.
Where are they now? Gone to enrich
 With all that Ireland to them gave
Full many a foreign land, the while
 She goes unguarded to her grave.

The alien flag from many a hill
Still flaunting floats, and Emmet still
Sleeps in an unrecorded grave,
While we to whom the trust he gave
Are cravens all and suppliants now,
Ready to beg and fawn and bow,
Nor any other method know
To wrench our Freedom from the foe,
And who his principles profess
Are craven cowards none the less,
For when the long awaited day,
For which we earnestly did pray
At length arrived, where then were they?
O, had *he* lived, whose name of late
We mention but to desecrate,
When that long looked for day came on,
Would *he* not to the fray have gone,
And even though alone, have stood
Like Crowley at Kilclooney Wood,
And fallen on the battlefield
Without one stain upon his shield?
But demagogues have long betrayed
The Cause that he so sacred made,
Till nowadays, alas, at best
Our country's freedom's but a jest.
But though we long have been misled,
By men who meant not what they said,
Saxon I see a race arise
Full of new life and energies,
Who when they'll hear the stories told,
Of wrongs that now are centuries old,
Who when they'll list with wondering ears
Unto the tales of blood and tears,
Will with a just and holy cause
Hate both thy language and thy laws,

And to the last refuse the hand
That laid in waste their Motherland.
For on and on the Cause must go,
 However soon the time or late,
Till blood for blood and blow for blow,
 Shall fully, freely compensate;
Aye, though each blade of grass that grows
 Were drooped beneath a diadem,
Though every flower that blooming blows
 Were weighed with rubies to its stem,
Still should we fight, still, still protest,
 Nor pause until upon our plains,
No trace North, South, or East or West,
 Of your accursed rule remains.

RISE, INDIANS, RISE!



RISE, Indians, rise, from Motherland
Drive out the foul invader,
Strike to their death the dastard crew
Who've plundered and betrayed her;
Let not this long awaited hour
Go by without your giving
Unstinted all you have in life,
To keep your India living.

Look to the *Feringhis themselves
Do you the same as they did
When with your best and bravest blood
Your beauteous land they bathed,
Oh, strike with everything you can
To smite and slay the foeman,
And from this day bid India swear
She'll bow her head to no man!

Oh, better far one glorious hour
In great and splendid daring,
Than many an empty year eked out
For no grand purpose caring,
Better the shout, the headlong charge,
The sudden, noble ending,
Than have one's soul without a strife
Up to its God ascending!

Hark from the heights of Hindustan
Your martyred dead are crying,
They call from every hill whereon
They left their bleached bones lying:

Note (*) Feringhis—the English.

"For Mother India face all
Dare every death-like danger,
Oh, fail not to avenge us now
Drive out, drive out the Stranger!"

Rise, Indians, rise, from Motherland
Drive out the foul invader,
Strike to their death the dastard crew
Who've plundered and betrayed her,
Let not this long awaited hour
Go by without your giving
Unstinted all you have in life
To keep your India living.

COMMOTION IN HADES



UDAS, Arnold, and Castlereagh
Spoke loudly through the gloom:
"Redmond, our master, comes to-day,
Make room there, boys, make room."

RATS!



HE fetid corpse of cut-throat Castlereagh
With rats was pelted on its burial day,
But now so many Castlereaghs abound
Where will the rats to pelt them with be found?

IRELAND'S ANSWER



LING Ireland's rebel answer
To all the winds that blow—
*"No treaty with traitors,
No friendship with the foe."*

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, 1915

At the commemoration exercises held recently in Boston to the memory of John Boyle O'Reilly a poem was read which is in line with the efforts made over the death of that other indomitable Gael, O'Donovan Rossa, to the effect that these men, who spent their lives in an eternal and unceasing conflict against England, would to-day be on her side. Surely the dead might be saved from such desecration.



HERE would he stand were he now in the midst of us,
He who stood ever for Ireland alone;
Where would he be in this great hour of conflict,
When the foes of his country are being overthrown?
How his heart would rejoice at the fall of the foeman,
How his voice would be heard now to rally the Gael!
Ah! 'tis he who'd stand forth as the voice of the Nation
To call us to freedom and tell us not fail.

What treason is this and what blasphemous story
That says that O'Reilly with England would stand?
Dear God! Are we dead to the voice of the Nation;
Are we dead to the brave ones who died for our land?
Ah! no; if O'Reilly were here and among us,
No man would to-day be more faithful than he
To rally the hosts of the Gaolta together
And lead them in front from the foe to be free.

TO SEAGHAN BUIDHE



E'ER may thy perjured head,
Lie on a peaceful bed,
And when thy days are sped
And thy life's over,
May there be none to weep,
No one a watch to keep,
But o'er thy putrid heap
May harpies hover.

ON THE WAR

The gods at last seem to have frowned upon
That vile, diseased old harlot Albion.

A DREAM OF COUNTRY LIFE



DREAMT a dream, I would were not a dream,
Other than dreamer I have never been,
And yet so real everything did seem,
The hills, the woodlands and the meadows green,
The lovely valleys where so oft I've been,
The sloping glades and the enchanting grove,
The lofty crags, the rivulets between,
There calmly did mine eye enraptured rove,
And view again the scenes my childhood used to love.

There shone the sun o'er the delightful land,
There lowed the peaceful herd across the lea,
There labored in the field the farm hand,
And ran the river onward merrily,
There waved the corn, and I too could see
From many a chimney towering high the smoke,
On came the wagons laden heavily,
The farmer sauntered up and kindly spoke
To bid me welcome home, at which alas I woke.

Theirs was the peaceful life that knew no care,
"Vaulting ambition" never came their way,
But they lived on in rest and quiet there,
And generations came and passed away,
Still were they found 'round the old home to stay
To keep which often they were sorely tried,
And had to struggle ever night and day,
But they were happy where their fathers died,
An honest lineage their glory and their pride.

Early I'm up, 'tis yet scarce dawning day,
God, what a heavenly delightful scene,
As down along the lawn I make my way,

And on through dewy laden meadows green,
From yonder houses no one yet is seen,
But on before me nimbly leaps the hare,
Startled, the rabbit runs the rocks between,
Amid the thicket Reynard seeks his lair,
And high the skylark flies into the morning air.

The rippling of the little rill I hear,
Startled from out yon brake the blackbird flies,
The glorious sun himself doth now appear,
Ploughing his way amid the eastern skies,
The owl into the wood's deep darkness hies,
The frog leaps on before me as I go,
And from his bed the farmer doth arise,
The cock doth shrilly in the barnyard crow
To which is answered back the herdsman's "ho ho."

Towering the smoke from many a roof ascends,
Slowly the kindly cattle wander home,
Supple the farmer at his labor bends,
Lazy the dogs from yonder kennel come,
And busy is the housewife with her broom,
The cars are rattling along the road,
Sedate the ploughman turns the fertile loam,
The children go to school hard by the wood,
And all the farm hands are laboring abroad.

Below the horizon now has gone the sun,
The lovely moon is climbing up the east,
The workman wanders home his labor done,
And there is rest for man and bird and beast,
And all the toiling of the day has ceased,
His children greet him homeward with a kiss,
And soon is spread the simple rustic feast,
Ah, there was never known such joy as this
Divine monotony of rural homely bliss.

WE'LL CLING TO HOLY IRELAND YET

(A Song for the Times)



HE Strangers came into our land,
Our countrymen to rob and kill,
But our swords leaped forth like lightning darts,
And their bones are bleaching many a hill.
And while one Saxon skull is seen
Our Irish blades with blood to wet,
We'll still be true to Rosaleen,
And cling to Holy Ireland yet.

CHORUS:

We'll cling to Holy Ireland yet,
Although her eyes with tears are wet.
Oh! while our hands can hold a blade
We'll cling to Holy Ireland yet.

The promises they send us now
Beneath the brutal Saxon sway
Can't tear us from our native land,
Nor lure us from our love away.
And though besmirched is now her sheen,
And with scalding tears her eyes are wet,
We'll still be true to Rosaleen,
And cling to Holy Ireland yet.

CHORUS:

We'll cling to Holy Ireland yet,
Although her eyes with tears are wet,
Oh! while our hands can hold a blade
We'll cling to Holy Ireland yet.

By all the martyrs of our land,
 On gibbet, hulk and battlefield,
We in their places take our stand,
 And swear that we will never yield,
By all the patriot blood that flowed,
 By all the crimes we can't forget,
Through life and death, through weal and woe
 We'll cling to Holy Ireland yet.

A CUSHLA GAL MACHREE



'VE loved you so through all the years,
In sunshine and in rain,
My soul cried out to be with you,
But, oh, it cried in vain!
And now, when they're to strike for you,
Oh, Loved One, will it be
That I'll be exiled from your side,
A Cushla Gal Machree!

The sun may shine and flowers may bloom
And every bird may sing,
But neither sun nor flowers nor birds
A joy to me can bring,
For I am as a sailor lost
Upon Life's troubled sea
What time I'm exiled from your side,
A Cushla Gal Machree!

TO IRELAND



HE trip is o'er, the storm is past,
And we are safe arrived at last,
And far from thee, ashore, I stand,
Once more upon a foreign land,
But though the seas between us roll
I love thee still, my Soul, my Soul.

THE SPIRIT OF ERIN



UNQUENCHED by the dangers by which 'twas assailed,
Undiminished its glory, unshackled and free,
The spirit of Erin ne'er wavered nor quailed,
Nor bent unto tyrants a suppliant knee:

For though faint, still it shone when all else seemed to set,
Aye, it beamed forth untainted, unsullied, unchained,
Spite of tyrants and traitors and treachery, yet
That spirit invincible ever remained.

When the savage marauder amongst us appeared,
And ruined and slaughtered our bravest hearts lay,
To the weakly who wavered, or the doubtful who feared,
That spirit shone on to illumine the way—
It has lived through the terror of slavery's night,
It has shone through the darkness, survived through the
gloom,
And though clouded its pathway it soon will shine bright,
And shall phoenix-like rise o'er its enemies' tomb.

A HOPE



SINCE first I came to Reason's years,
One hope has lived within my breast,
One hope that still through smiles and tears,
Shone brighter far than all the rest,
That hope has lit my lonely way
Through hours that else would darksome be—
That on my native hills one day,
I'd stand to set my country free.

Nor all the vagaries that came,
Nor promises that but decoy,
Have for one moment quenched the flame
That lit my bosom when a boy,
For on with undiminished ray,
The hope doth still burn glowingly—
That on my native hills one day,
I'll stand to set my country free.

FROM THE BOGHERA HILLS



I AM sitting watching the coal fire burning,
But my heart and thoughts are far from here,
For on Fancy's pinions are they turning,
To where Cork's dear old peaks appear:
There is something here on the shelf before me,
And oh, with what rapture my heart it fills,
What a flood of memories it brings o'er me,
'Tis a sod of turf from the Boghera Hills.

One sod of turf that with devotion,
I brought away as a souvenir,
Oh little I thought that beyond the ocean,
'Twould one day cause me to shed a tear,
Yet I would not stop that tear from flowing
At the thought of Ireland's valleys and rills,
Nor would I stop my mind from going
In fancy back to the dear old Boghera Hills.

Old Hills: in your bleak majestic splendor,
Oh you are far more dear to me,
And your memory wakens thoughts more tender,
Than all the beauties that here I see,
The city's sights may be grand and glowing,
But oh my bosom with sadness fills,
And I ever long for the breezes blowing,
For ever o'er the dear old Boghera Hills.

A PROSE POEM



MEANWHILE I was seeing, meanwhile I was learning. I saw men who boasted that they were free, bound down by the iron heel of Superstition and chained to the shackles of Custom. I saw the religion of God distorted until the Lonely Man of Nazareth must again have wept. I saw that the idea of a God as taught me in mine infancy was altogether wrong, so that instead of a God of whom I was in constant terror I came to reverence a Deity who realized our frailties and forgave our faults, and I had but scant respect for the man who gave to his fellowman, not because by doing so he ameliorated that fellowman's condition or alleviated his pain, but because he had a self-satisfactory confidence that he was purchasing a dwelling place 'till Time should be no more. I could not see that I was doomed to eternal punishment because I did not believe something which did not commend itself to my understanding as being reasonable and just, and I thought my Creator paid more heed to one prayer *thought of* in the chambers of the heart, and uttered not because too deep for words, than to an entire Litany said because the omission of it meant a sin. I saw the sisters of shame—those who loved not wisely but too well—passed on the streets by the minions of Respectability whose lives were they but known were perhaps a thousand fold more open to blame. I saw that men worshipped not God but Mammon, and I saw them bow down as abjectly to cant, and greed, and hypocrisy, and fashion, as ever their fathers did to a golden calf, and though my being independent should cost me my all, I vowed that come what might, I would not “flatter their rank breath nor bow to their idolatry a patient knee,” nor would I stoop to any man whether he wore a caubeen or a coronet. O I would live a beggar all my life, and lie contented in the Potter's Field 'ere I'd grow great by such foul means as these.

SONGS FOR ISOLDE

I



WHEN on my heart the hush of twilight falls,
And all the beauties of the past shall be,
But as a dear and long remembered dream
Within the hallowed Halls of Memory;
From out the dust of dead things I will take
A living joy for your remembered sake.

The splendor of the dear Autumnal days,
When all the woods with color were athrill,
And Nature, riot of her gifts, displayed
October's banner upon every hill,—
The talismanic wand of Memory
Will bring it back in all its joys to me.

And I shall feel again the heaven I felt
What time we wandered on the woodlands through,
And all the desert places of my heart
With joy were jubilant because of you.
Heaven will come again when I recall
The holiness and beauty of it all.

II



MAY all the woodlands ring for you
And all the birdies sing for you,
And all the breezes bring for you
The fragrances of May.
May roses strew the way for you
Nor ever clouds be grey for you
And may the angels pray for you
For ever and a day.

III



GAINST the prison bars of Circumstance
 To reach the stars I struggled many a year.
 At last God led me to your lovely side,—
 The bars are broken, and the stars are here.

IV



AY all things sacred that the world knows
 Remain with you unclouded to the close,
 And when the Veil is drawn, may this life be
 But as the prelude to a symphony.

V



HE sun is shining,
 The flowers are springing,
 The rills are laughing,
 The skies are blue.
 The birds their way
 To heaven are winging
 And madly singing
 Because of you.

VI



OU shone like starlight on my soul
 And Sorrow on his bier lies slain,
 Romance is riot, and the Dawn
 Is dancing on the hills again.

VII



H Lovely Little Lady, by your grace
I yet may kneel in an anointed place,
And guided by your sacramental hand
I too may yet among the stainless stand.


VIII



OWLED as in prayer the frightened clouds go by,
For Night is holding revels in her Hall,
A star has fallen forward on its face
Drunk from the blinding beauty of it all,
And meted out in measures manifold
Are gifts more treasurable far than gold.

O Little Lady, let me hold your hand
Sacredly thus, that I may understand,
That I may sunder so the prison bars
And climb through you the stretches to the stars.

A POET'S MIDNIGHT REVERIE

“ IS midnight's holy hour” although
 There's little either high or holy,
For one who for the nonce is low
 With a most morbid melancholy,
I stand beside the window pane,
 And see the streets below deserted,
The while my mind goes back again
 To days that have, alas, departed.

Dear God: but what a fool I've been,
 I'm sure there lived my equal never,
And, faith, for all that I have seen,
 I'm just as foolish now as ever,
How many and many a thing I've tried,
 And 'tis small pleasure now I ween,
To see forever at one's side
 The shadows of what might have been.

Thoughts *will* come thronging thick and fast,
 And backward still my memory hies,
Unto the dear days of the past,
 But hold, for “that way madness lies,”
I am not now what then I was,
 And oh! not what I hoped to be,
Yet shall I not account the cause,
 For little would it comfort me.

The petty and the plodding part,
 That one to get one's bread must take,
Has caused full many a noble heart
 In sorrow silently to break:
For sure as two and one are three,
 Lyrics from Keats or even Shelley,
However beauteous they may be,
 Will not appease a poor bard's belly.

I, too, have had my dreams and thought
 Even at times to rouse a nation,
But all the odds 'gainst which I fought
 Have dulled and drabbed my inspiration,
And rhyme as I had hoped I can't,
 Nor forth my thoughts in beauty blazon,
Yet one day I again may chant
 Perhaps a beauteous diapason.

Well, I was warned from the first,
 By those who surely ought to know it,
I'd little better be than cursed
 If I aspired to be a poet—
As well to reason with the wind,
 For arguments are only wasted,
Upon that mad and moonstruck mind
 That with poetic fire is blasted.

Some publishers to whom I hied,
 Suggested that I write a story,
“ 'Twould sooner sell,” they said; I cried:
 “Money be damned, I write for glory.”
For many a man has lost his head,
 And gone the roadway to ruination,
What time he let himself be led,
 To seek the “bubble reputation.”

I was no fashion plate that day,
 My clothes were threadbare and looked seedy,
And money—money did I say?
 Of that I have been ever needy,
But something in my bosom beat,
 That led me where the sun was shining,
And still refused to know defeat,
 Nor sought a refuge in repining.

Lilies were then for me aglôw,
Through many a field with wild flowers laden,
And I beheld knights gaily go,
To couch a lance for many a maiden.
They were a lusty lot I trow,
And looked on life as but a chance,
In the brave days of long ago,
When reigned the royal Queen Romance.

Those dreams are gone to come no more,
And of the past are now a part,
While all about I hear the roar
Of traffic and the money mart—
The mountains call me and the sea,
And many a leafy woodland way
Proclaims the joys awaiting me,
But I am fettered and must stay.

God: give me back the past again,
'Tis gone and will no more be given,
As utterly as by the rain
The snows of yesterday are driven.
We are but puppets in a play,
Whose scenes are set without our knowing,
And blindly on we wend our way,
Nor know we whither we are going.

Dreaming of what could never be,
The morning of my life I've wasted,
Still gazing out beyond the sea,
For things that I have never tasted.
I seem to have played again a part,
Like that of him who said of old,

Upon whate'er I set my heart,
The same shall perish and grow cold.

* * * * *

My head and faith my heart are tired,
I'll draw the blind and close the shutter,
I should have long ago retired,
So I'll no more this moonshine mutter.
However winding seems the way,
Things always in the end come right,
At least here's hoping that they may,
And so to everyone good night.

LINES



T is not sweet on flying feet
 To see one's life go by,
It is not sweet to see one's hopes
 In ruins round you lie,
It is not sweet alone to live
 Nor yet alone to die.

For there is many a loneliness,
 That well may be endured,
And there is many a loneliness
 To which one gets inured,
But oh, the loneliness within,
 That never can be cured.

Some there are who die by night,
 And some who die by day,
Some when their hearts are young and light,
 And some when they are gray,
But Christ in heaven pity those
 Who eat their hearts away.

A REQUEST



THOUGH fallen far from me are all
The castles that I built in Spain,
Grant me O God this boon I crave—
That I may build them all again.

Though all my splendid dreams are dead
From conflict with the eternal war,
Desert me not O God I pray,
But let me vision still a star.

Though Hope has folded all her tents,
And all her race Romance has run,
Still let me sense the ecstasy
Of sheer ascension to the sun.

AFRAID



O lift my face I am afraid
Lest all my life be naked laid
Of which I've such a nightmare made.

The years have fallen from my hand,
As from the hour glass falls the sand,
And barren and bereft I stand.

To lift my face I am afraid,
Afraid, O God, afraid, afraid.

TO PEGGY



WHEN winds are cold, and skies are drear,
And clouds hang low o'er moor and meadow,
Across thy pathway Peggy dear,
May there ne'er fall a single shadow,
But ever on through life's decline,
Be thou supplied with every pleasure,
May every grace and bliss be thine,
And brimming o'er be every measure,
For ever may each worldly store
Be unto thee in plenty given,
And when from here we'll travel o'er,
Pray God that we may meet in heaven.

TO ONE WHO PASSED

I



DAWN do not remind her
What wonders lie your way,
Lest that the noontide find her
From where I'd have her stay,
O mountains robed in splendor
Ascending to the sky,
Call to her not so tender
Lest from me she should fly.

O dunes where dwell the shadows,
O haunted cloud-capped hill,
O luring moorland meadows
Be still a while, be still,
O thoughts come not thus thronging
Of sunset and the sea,
For fear her heart with longing
Might break and fly from me.

II



THE melody of olden songs
The beauty that to morn belongs,
Dear God: the glory of a race
Was writ and mirrored in thy face.

For at thy birth strange spirits came
To light thee with a lustral flame,
Filched from the wave and wind and wood
That no man ever understood.

TO JIM THE POST



None were e'er from care more free,
And few were e'er so happy,
Or worried less I'm sure than we,
When "bousing at the nappy."
What cared we how the world went,
Or how the skies lowered o'er us,
While we sat by the fire content,
With a flowing bowl before us.

How happy passed the hours away
As each of us by turns,
Now from the "Nation" sang a lay,
And now from Bobbie Burns,
And when the loud applause grew still,
Our program would we vary,
You sang "The Moon Behind the Hill,"
And I sang "Bonnie Mary."

How many a yarn Jim you spun,
And many a truthful story,
Of deeds that were by brave men done,
In the days of Ireland's glory,
How oft did you recite 'mid cheers,
Some tale of the dear old sireland,
From "The Flag in Irish Lore Appears"
To "The Dawn on the Hills of Ireland."

But ah: what noise breaks on my ear,
'Tis noon's discordant whistle,
Which makes me stop unwilling here,
And finish this epistle,

For many a pleasant afternoon
To you I am beholden,
And Jim, I shan't forget you soon.
Your old friend
Peter Golden.

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